

Love and Loyalty Well met

*The Faithful Young-man Lov'd well,
This Damsel Fair and bright,*

*Whose beauty did so much excell
She prov'd his hearts delights.*

To the Tune of, State and Ambition.



Young-Man.

Fairest of Fair ones, if thou should'st prove cruel,
my Love to requite with scorn and disdain,
And to my flaming heart, add combustible fuel,
it would much increase both my sorrow and pain;
Thy beauty it is, that I do so desire,
and on thee I think both by day and by night,
There's none but thy self that I Love and admire
for thou art my true love, my joy and Delight.

Maids Answer.

You young men of late are so false and deceitful,
poor innocent maids know not who to believe,
Much Love you pretend, but do oft prove ungrateful,
and leave us poor Damselfs to mourn and to grieve:
Such pretty Court Fashions of late you have learned,
you'll hold and profess your base mind to fulfill,
To Credulous Damselfs it is not discerned,
and so wrong young Maidens that never thought ill.

Young-man.

I me none of that number, I pre thee dont doubt me,
my heart in thy breast is imprisoned sure,
And for my affection I prethee don't flout me,
for my Love shall last, while my Life doth endure
To this my poor suit do not give a denial,
nor seem in the least thy true Lover to slight,
Thou plainly wilt find when it comes to the trial,
that thou art my true love, my joy and Delight.

Maid.

If thou wouldst be faithful and real unto me,
Oh! then I would tell thee a piece of my mind,
It would be no trouble at all for to wooe me,
to one that is constant, I soon could be kind:
But if I should venture to come to a trial,
and grant your desire your mind to fulfill,
If in the conclusion thou shouldst be Disloyal,
I would wrong a poor maiden that never thought ill.

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Young-Man.

No, no, by the power that governs pooꝝ creatures,
I will be as Topal as mortal can be,
For I am enamoured with thy pretty features,
and thou like an Angel appearest to me;
In thy Rosie cheeks my delights I have fixed,
and nothing is welcome but thee in my sight;
When thy Love with my Love together are mixed,
thou art my true love, my joy and Delight.

Maids Answer.

These pretty kind speeches, I fear will perswade me,
to tender good nature to Love and admire,
Blind Cupid already begins to invade me,
and now I'me posselt with Loves amorous fire.
Come give me thy hand with a large protestation,
that what I desire thou wilt freely fulfill,
For thou art the man I love best in the Nation
then wrong not a Maiden that never thought ill.

Young-Man.

These tydings my dearest exceedingly please me,
my heart thou hast won, Ile for ever be thine,
Of my pains and torments my Love thou dost ease me
as I am thy true Love, I hope thou art mine;
Let us two together lye close in embraces,
in Love we will sollace by day and by night,
Thou art so adorned with beautiful graces,
that thou art my true love my joy and Delight.

Maid.

Come come then my true Love, no longer we'll tarry,
but finish the rites that pooꝝ Lovers enjoy,
we'll go to the Church, and with speed we will marry,
to show that at first 'twas my real design;
Though it seemed strange, it was onely to try thee,
and yet seemed loath thy mind to fulfill,
I knew in my heart that I could not deny thee,
for I am a Maiden that never thought ill.

The AUTHOR.

Fair Maidens take pattern by these faithful Lovers,
who now are fast linked in Cupids strong Chains,
For when Tell-tale eyes a true passion discovers,
they soon put an end unto torturing pains;
And young-men no more do you now prove deceitful,
but constant and Topal by day and by night,
For 'tis no small trespass to be so ungrateful,
to her who accounts you her Joy and delight.

F I N I S.

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